VOL. IV NO. 16

McGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW FACULTE DE DROIT UNIVERSITE McGILL February 1, 1984 1 février, 1984

Eberman on

by Philip Petraglia

a group of students and professors in the Common Room, Dr. Klaus Eberman, an expert on EEC trade, stressed the importance of the Euro
As for the EEC's relations with Canada, Dr. Eberman pointed out the shared pean Common Market in world trade, particularly for Canada.

Not only is the EEC the largest consumer of Canadian goods after the United States, but the EEC also accounts for 21% of the world's trade and is, in addition, the largest industrialized market in the world. Though in essence an economic entity, Dr. Eberman believed its formation also had encouraged member nations (10 in total) to pursue a more common approach to foreign policy, particularly in promoting a less ideological approach to world problems.

Difficulties do exist however, such as internal problems, institutional deficits acagricultural counting for a disproportionately large share of the EEC's budget, Spain and Portugal's imminent accession which will likely aggravate the agricultural problem, and an imbalance in the community itself between the industrialized countries of the north and the poorer agricultural countries of the south. Dr. Eberman remained optimistic though, pointing to the constant

exchange of information between the different mini-Speaking one week ago to stries of the member states.

> interests: the North-South dialogue, world democracy, and open world trade. However, when asked how trade ties between the EEC and

Canada might be strengthened, Dr. Eberman was vague and insisted only on greater cooperation between Canadian and EEC businessmen. Dr. Eberman concluded with the statements that all governments involved should do their best to facilitate the exchange of information between Canadian and EEC business groups.

McGill University

Université McGill

Faculté de droit (Moot Court)

Concours 1983-84 du

TRIBUNAL-ECOLE INTERFACULTES

Vendredi le 3 février 1984

10h. Ouverture du concours Equipe No 1 c. Equipe No 3 15h. Equipe No 2 c. Equipe No 4

Samedi le 4 février 1984

10h. Equipe No 3 c. Equipe No 1 14h. Equipe No.4 c. Equipe No 2 17h. Clôture du concours

Tribunal du vendredi

M. le juge en chet Alan B. Gold, Cour supérieure M. le juge Denis Lévesque, Cour supérieure Mme la juge Louise Mailhot, Cour supérieure

Tribunal de samedi

M. le juge en chef Marcel Crête, Cour d'appel M. le juge Maurice Jacques, Cour d'appel M. le juge Albert H. Malouf, Cour d'appel

BEST FRIENDS

by Richard Quon

I never really understood him at first, and I wonder if I ever will. We met in first-year law school, but never really spent a lot of time together. He was always the guy sitting in the back row wearing sunglasses and looking out the window. The others told me his blood-shot eyes had to be protected from the light. He had a reputation of not being a committed law stu-dent because most of his time was spent frequenting bars or the late-night speakeasies downtown. But he never missed a class.

I never saw him take notes during lectures. Yet, one could occasionally find him studying in Harvey's or Macdonald's. He told us that he liked the atmosphere there. Those places were

always full of people and occasionally winos or prostitutes came in for coffee. He was enigmatic at times, serious when he had to be, but zany was the best way to describe him. Late at night, he would always be at Thomson House in a drunken stupour chasing women.

I was really sad one day. I felt the world crashing at my feet. But somehow, he knew. He talked me into going to Thomson House with him that night, probably to cheer me up. It was 30 degrees below zero in the middle of winter, and he was wearing sneakers, a shortsleeve shirt and a thin nylon jacket. We walked to Thomson House from my place and not once did he complain of the cold. Before arriving, he warned me of the pretentious atmosphere. The girls who worked in the office buildings downtown would go to Thomson House hoping to find their future doctor or lawyer. That night I was wearing my Mc-Gill Law T-shirt.

It was a funny situation. He pointed out guys wearing ties and three-piece suits, who went around telling the unattached girls that they were third-year Common Law students or M.B.A. students, but that they really weren't. He told me it was just a big game, to sit back and to take it all in.

I didn't know why, but I became an asshole that night. My zany friend kept buying me beer after beer. One girl came up to me and engaged me in conversation. I was totally ignorant and insulted her so that she finally left. Later, I saw her with one of those bogus Law students, who was virtually giving her a tonsillectomy. My friend told me to go talk to her. I went up to her and she saw me. I asked her what she was doing. She told me they were necking. I then asked her if I could watch and she asked me to join them. I said I wasn't into threesomes. The bogus law student left, and I sat down and started drinking his abandoned beer. (I bet I could have sold my T-shirt for \$50 that night.)

I then got into this totally wacko conversation with her. She was a space cadet, but I saw something real underneath her superficial exterior. I told her to stop being so pretentious and to quit playing games. As expected she told me where to go, but she didn't mean it. I continued abusing her with my foul language, but I started to realize I was attracted to her,

Cont'd on p. 3

Tribunal-Ecole

Cont'd from p. 1

Sujet

M. Bédard subit une intervention pratiquée par Dr. Ducharme, sous la surveillance du Dr. Dupuis, médecin traitant de M. Bédard. Peu après, ce dernier fit une hémorragie interne, apparemment reliée à cette intervention. Dr. Lefebvre, alors médecin de garde, entreprit d'urgence une autre intervention, sous anesthésie générale administrée par Dr Patenaude, pour arrêter l'hémorragie. Pendant cette opération, M. Bédard eut un arrêt cardiorespiratoire et subit de graves dommages cérébraux.

Mme. Glen, épouse de M. Bédard, poursuivit le Centre hospitalier et les trois médecins en dommages-intérêts. La Cour supérieure

exonéra Dr Patenaude mais condamn a les deux autres médecins à payer au-delà de 3,000,000\$ à Mme Glen, pour elle-même, son mari et ses enfants, et le Centre hospi-talier, à lui payer 500\$ comme curatrice à son mari.

Mme Glen, Drs Dupuis et Ducharme et le Centre hospitalier en ont appelé de ce jugement. Le Tribunal-Ecole Interfacultés entend l'appel entre Mme Glen et le Centre hospitalier.

Ce problème fictif a été composé par M. Paul-A. Crépeau, professeur à l'Université McGill, M. Pierre Deschamps et Mme Louise Lussier, chercheurs au Centre de droit privé et comparé du Québec.

Best Friends

because of her frankness, once she dropped her act. Underneath that façade was something genuine.

Well, my friend dragged me off to a frat party, and then to a speakeasy to find a last source of beer. It was five in the morning, but he was still going strong. He was a real party machine.

I couldn't believe the after-hours club that he took me to. This was where one could find Montreal's night people. Men and women were snorting lines of coke in the bathroom, and we were drinking beer out of coffee mugs. It seemed as the night wore on, that people were becoming less and less normal, but yet closer to being real. Maybe that's why this nutty friend of mine felt so at ease here.

In one conversation at the speakeasy my friend asked one girl her name. She replied "that's not a very original line", deliberately brushing him off. A few moments later, some other guy tried to pick her up and he received the same rebuff. My friend turned to her, and said he guessed the other guy didn't have an or-iginal line either. Finally, when we were leaving, the girl was still there and he walked by and told her he guessed no one had had an original line that night. She said she didn't mean to be so rude, but she never went there to get laid. There was something honest about the banter between them.

I felt that my friend, a real character, always knew what was going on, and really had it all together most of the time. Nothing fazed him. He was always partying, socializing and enjoying life. He never com-

plained, and never seemed unhappy about going to law school. His outward appearance was deceiving, but minus his goofy antics, he was a real human being.

The sun was beginning to rise as we sat in a 24-hour restuarant. We started talking and I told him about my hometown and my friend. We talked about relationships, life and the future. He then asked me about my best friend back home and what he was like.

told him my best friend was born on the wrong side of the tracks and that he had to quit high school to support his family when his father died. He never had the chance to go to university, although he was very bright. However, that didn't matter to him because real friends didn't worry about things like that. My best friend was always there when I got into trouble. He would always listen when I had problems I had to tell someone, and never let me down when I needed help the most.

My zany friend became unusually quiet. His witty remarks stopped and he pushed his plate of food away. He finally took off his sunglasses and looked me in the eye.

"I can't believe you...
This entire night you've
never mentioned that your
best friend died yesterday,"
he said.

"Life must go on," I said.

"Have you cried for him yet?" he asked.

"I can't and I won't. My best friend wouldn't expect it of me," I replied.... He kept staring into my eyes as

"You know, I I continued. never really told my best friend how much I appreciated his friendship. We just never talked about it, but deep down I think we always knew how we felt about each other. Now, I wish I had the chance to tell him how much I really cared and that I loved him. But, we're men and creatures are supposed to be strong with no emotional weaknesses," I said flippantly at the end.

Then my friend said, "If you're not going to cry, then I'll cry for you."

I saw tears form in his eyes as he put his sunglasses back on. Slowly tears cascaded down his cheeks. My best friend knew. I didn't have to tell him, but...Dad, I loved....

B-Team's On A Roll, Cont'd from p. 5

left when Bandeen fed a pass to Dave "Five-0" McGerrigle who was streaking over the blueline. "Five-0", who had a contract dispute and missed the last two games (things are settled now as he is permitted to wear his Hawaiian shirt at LSA parties), let go a wrist shot to beat the Architecture goalie. The boys thought they would come out of the game with a point, but alas, the subversive opposition managed to get a questionable goal with 20 seconds left, to make the final score: them 2, Us 1. Despite the loss, there was cause for celebration. They had been barely edged out by the league leader, but they would eat them up in the league finals with a full squad. The celebration was limited, however, as allstar left winger Todd Roberts had forgotten to bring beer!

Quid Novi is published weekly by students at the Faculty of Law of McGill University, 3644 Peel St., Montreal H3A lW9. Production is made possible by support of the Dean's office, the Law Students' Association, and by direct funding from the students. Opinions expressed are those of the author only. Contributions are published at the discretion of the editor and must indicate author or origin.

Editor-in-Chief Pearl Eliadis Rédacteur-en-chef

Rédactrice française Sylvie French Editor Lévesque

Associate Editor Rick Rédactrice adjointe Goossen

Managing Editor Sylvie Lévesque Administrateur

News Editor Sidney Fisher Rédactrice

Features Editor Demetrios Collaboration Xistris spéciale

Production Manager Richard Janda Directeur de gestion

Copy Editor Joanie Vance Kéviseur

Staff Eric Belli-Bivar,
Membres Wayne Burrows, Michael
Concister, Andrew Cohen,
Peter Dauphinee, Julie
Latour, Véronique Marleau,
Hartland Paterson, Sandra
Stephenson, Todd Van Vliet,
Gertie Witte

Quid Novi est une publication hebdomadaire assurée par étudiants de la faculté de droit de l'université McGill, 3644 rue Peel Montréal, H3A lW9. La publication est rendue possible grâce à l'appui bureau du doyen, l'Association des étudiants en drait ainsi que par le financement individuel des étudiants. opinions exprimées sont propre à lauteur. Toute contribution n'est publice qua la discretion du comité de rédaction et doit indiquer lauteur ou son origine.

LETTERS

Linden's Talk Slammed

On Tuesday, Forum National presented Mr. Justice Linden, on leave from the Ontario High Court and president of the Law Reform Commission of Canada. He was to give a talk on tort law and the new Charter. At the last moment, however, he changed his mind. It seems that there is nothing to talk about in tort law these days.

Unfortunately, Linden's talk indicated that there is a dearth of anything at all to talk about these days. After an opening salvo of compliments directed at Mc-Gill (apparently Linden almost came here to teach at one time) we were treated to a drawn-out exposition, the theme of which appeared to be, "What I Think about the Charter, Law Reform, and Anything Else that Comes to Mind".

It was not very impressive.

There were, however, a few tidbits of information that Linden let fly. Apparently, he believes that the Law Reform Commission should become both more practical and progressive. He believes that the Charter makes our free and democratic society freer and more democratic. And that, yes, it is unfortunate that raped women get locked up in jail, but then again, judges need evidence!

Another interesting tidbit was that during the interval between two Law Reform Commission working papers, there was a change in personnel that resulted in a complete reversal of policy in the matter of taking blood samples to evaluate blood alcohol levels. Is it any wonder the Commission has had only minor recommendations implemented? The talk would have been more impressive if Linden had simply introduced himself and then opened the floor to questions. Since Linden was obviously unprepared, he could have simply said so, and let a discussion ensue.

Surely the author of texts on the subject of tort law, who has spent years on the bench and six months at the Law Reform Commission could have told us more than that it took hard work to put the Charter together. Here was a High Court Judge talking like a lawyer with neither client nor case. He was remarkably similar to a Liberal cabinet minister out on the election trail, pontificating that all drunk drivers are a "scourge on society", and that law reform is incredibly "good". Common courtesy demanded more.

I am sure that if Mr. Justice Linden heard a law-yer talking like that in his courtroom, he would have sent him back out to relearn the books.

Brad Wylynko

Quid Novi, on behalf of Campbell Stuart, wishes to thank all students who contributed to the Bukasa Island Development Fund. Stuart is now on his way back to Uganda to continue work on the project. Contributions collected at the last law party amounted to \$50. A special thanks goes to the following students, who gave \$5.00 or more:

Rob Horwood Richard Janda Peter Michalakopoulos Rick Shaw Bill Tresham Anonymous

Ward Plays Doctor

Moigns Launch Malpractice Suit

The medical profession, already sinking rapidly in the public's esteem because of its opposition to medicare, received another black eye Monday night at Currie Sportspalace. The Moigners were locked up in a classic struggle with Med III when tragedy cut short the bril-liant yet all too brief career of Arthur "Will I walk again" Evrensel. Fighting bravely for a rebound, the "Armenian Acrobat" crashed to the floor accompanied by the sickening sound of his disintegrating ankle.

Logically, yet wrongly, assuming that they should let the experts handle things, the stunned 'Moigners made way for the med students to take over. But, hey, hold the phone, they were nowhere to be found! Assuming that this was because Art had left his medicare card in his locker, the

ever-thoughtful Steve Krieger offered to fetch it. But to no avail. Mumbling stuff like "we haven't studied ankles yet" and "I'm in obstetrics" (great, if somebody has a baby on the court we'll call you), no help was offered. In fact, a couple of them looked positively green.

It was at this point that Brian "Florence Nightingale" Ward took charge. Rushing to the by now comatose Evrensel he immediately began to ask him if he had ever had measles, mumps, rubella, a good time, etc. He then told Art not to remove his and single-handedly shoe carried him to the Sports Injury Clinic. It was at this point that Paul "Personal Stats" Dunn was heard to mutter, "with Art and Brian gone that leaves 4 forwards - that means I get to play!"

There is a history of bad blood on the basketball

court between the 'Moigners Medicine, stretching and back to last year's bench clearing brawl, which led to several charges of assault intent being laid. with Nevertheless, Monday night's experience can only serve to show even more clearly who are the bigger men. Not only did the law students take charge of the injured, but they also stiffed the physiotherapist for her fee and instituted legal action in negligence against their opponents. Furthermore, Dave "Everybody's entitled to a defense" Wiseman has already offered to represent medicine.

Wayne Burrows

P.S. The latest medical bulletin from the Mayo Clinic, where Evrensel was rushed in Graeme Fraser's private Lear Jet, is very positive. He may yet return to hobble up and down the court, a living testament to cutbacks in medical services.

B Team's on a Roll

by Gilles Lupien

There is a new team in this week's Associated Press top 20 rankings - the Men's B Hockey Team. "Washington might have its 'fun bunch', but we have our 'stunned bunch'!" exclaimed all-star goalie Yves "Chico" Ménard, who has been a vital cog in the machine's success of late. After two convincing victories in a row, the boys in black (and blue) met current league leaders Architecture. Despite having only three players on the bench (where the hell were you, Rankin!) to Architecture's dozen, the good guys gave perhaps one of the finest all-around team efforts

in sports history. Ménard was God-like in the cage, prompting the ever-steady rearguard Murray "Don't you ever call me Lanny!" Macdonald to skate out and ask for his autograph after the second period. A fine batch of amphetamines must have arrived at Oliver's, because "Peter Puck" was a fanatic on the ice, driving relentlessly to break up passes, leading rushes, and forechecking those vile architects as though they had stolen his last bottle of Molson (perhaps they had!). After striking out at the law party the night before, Richard "You don't have to call me King" Quon showed us that hockey is by far his better sport, playing a strong two-way game.

The Rangers thought he was washed up three years ago, but the B-team picked him up on waivers and converted him into a defensive Since then, Ian forward. "I'm glad I didn't make a career out of snooker!" Bandeen has been a major force in the emergence of the B-team. He handed out one bone-crunching bodycheck after another and startled communist-sympathizer architects (I only wish he'd stop smoking cigarettes in the locker room before the game!). score was 1-0 for the enemy with less than 2 minutes

Contid on p. 3



14 oz. 398ml

heat resistant

LEGAL ... FOODS

B5942

FEEDS YOU!

Hours: 1 ONTERNATIONAL Mon - thus 8:00 - 5:00 fridays 8:00 - 2:00

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Food & Beverage Dept. McGill Students' Society

LOCATED IN THE BASEMENT OF CHANCELLOR DAY HALL, 3644 PEEL ST.